



NEW YEAR SUPERSTITIONS.

In some parts of Lincolnshire it is considered most unlucky to be murdered by a dark man on New Year's Eve.

In Lancashire, if an unmarried woman loses either leg in a railway accident on

New Year's Eve, it is regarded as an evil omen, and a sign that she will not meet her future husband during the ensuing twelve months.

Dorsetshire folk firmly believe that if they meet a mad bull on New Year's morning it is an almost certain sign that they will shortly go on a journey.

A native of the Outer Hebrides would be greatly upset if he were to drop a five pound note into the fire on New Year's Eve.

In many homes of the North misfortune is looked for whenever the first New Year visitor happens to be a criminal lunatic.

THE DARLING OF MOST OF THE GODS.

WHEN an audience for half the night has sat enthralled by such a spectacle as this latest triumph of Mr. TREE's enchantments, it is thankless and even idle work for critics to temper their praise with reflections upon the dramatic merit of the play which happens to have been going on in the foreground. One comes on these occasions to delight and educate the eye, and not to be made to think. And in any case the question is one of artistic balance and proportion. In a play of human character one does not want to be overmuch diverted by the scenic background; and in a play whose chief motive is spectacular the human interest should not make too importunate an appeal. It suffices if this interest serves to engage, without absorbing, the mental sympathies, leaving the senses free to play at large. Besides, there are limits to the receptive capacities of even a British audience.

The Darling of the Gods is an ordinary melodrama, whose claim upon our gratitude lies in its unassertive contribution to the picture. To say, as one critic has said, that it would have failed if it had been played in modern European costume, is to compliment rather than disparage its qualities. Whether from accident or design, the value of its moving figures was justifiably plastic rather than dramatic. (The stately reserve of Mr. BASIL GILL's attitudes as Kara of the Samurai most notably illustrated this characteristic. Only rarely did the drama dominate its outward adorning, as in the scene outside the Shoji of *Yosan*—by far the best scene in the play, and recalling, by the vivid directness of its action, that curiously Hellenic tragedy, *The Cat and the Cherub*; or as in the episodes of the Carp-fisher (Mr. HAVILAND) and of the outcast Geisha, whose impersonation by Miss MAUD HILDYARD had in it just a touch of SADI YAKKO's art. But these were minor characters. The protagonists played throughout with quiet restraint and a fine disregard of their own personal identities, like priests in a temple, properly awed and overshadowed by their environment.)

I have seen it written that the play suffered from the failure of the spectator to recognise his favourites from the start; that "he had not, as it were, the Miss LENA ASH-WELL that he knew to help him to get on to the track of the story." Yet surely that was one of the most engaging features of the play. It so chances that there is no one who has recently been more embarrassed in her playing by what was expected of her as a matter of almost religious tradition than this same charming actress. I ventured to hint as much in reviewing Mr. JONES's Monte Carlo play. And here she was, fresh from a convent school, delightfully innocent and Japanese, and for the first time for many years *absolutely without a past*. It is true that, before the drama proper was over, by steady attention to her business she had acquired one,—a sort of *multopostfuturum* past, covering a matter of some thousand years in "the hells" (the longest stage-interval at which I remember to have ever assisted)—but by how unfamiliar a process! Not by the usual breach of female virtue, but by a really quite excusable flaw in that sense of honour which is popularly regarded as the exclusive birthright of the ruder sex. Already, in an earlier scene, she had trembled on the brink of a blasphemous falsehood, and had only saved herself by recourse to casuistry; and, even so, had betrayed her womanly contempt for the minor moralities by the ingenuous admission that "it is better to lie a little than to be unhappy much."

As to her punishment, I never came upon a worse case of the miscarriage of poetic justice. Her lover, who owed the temporary preservation of his head to her betrayal (in exchange for his release) of the hiding-place of his comrades, himself threatens her with the sentence of death which, but for her intervention, he would not have been in a position to deliver at all. How different from the ideal conditions in

Mr. GILBERT's *Mikado*, where the punishment was arranged to fit the crime.

I must hope that Occidental influences have since 1877 mitigated the disabilities of women in the neighbourhood of Tosan.

For these scenes of "Old Japan," in which a little red book about love (produced in London) is the only hint of the coming of European ideas, are laid in a period scarce a full generation away, and within the reign of the present Emperor. I noticed an announcement of the presence, on the first night, of the Minister of our Allies; but nothing was said about the Russian Minister. If the latter has seen the play by now, I do hope that no misconception, arising out of the barbaric nature of the spectacle, will encourage him to report too confidently to his Government on the mediævalism of Japanese methods.

Humorous relief, as the phrase is, was provided by the quaint courtesies and self-depreciation of Oriental phraseology; and the use of these gave an easy note of irony to the terrible scene in *Zakkuri's* Sword-room; but to have kept up the convention at the tragic ending in the Bamboo Forest and to have put the words "Abjectly I ask your pardon" in the mouth of *Yosan*, was perhaps an error of judgment.

The stage-management on the first night was marvellous; and the swift, clean, unhesitating movements of all the supernumeraries was a triumph of intelligent adaptability. I am glad to think that the brilliant work of the scenic artists will be publicly recognised at a dinner to be shortly given to this branch of the profession by their many admirers in the world of drama, literature and art.

I have said nothing of the individual acting of Mr. TREE. But then I have rarely been able to describe the appearance of anybody who has not been ill-dressed either through excess or defect. And so with Mr. TREE's performance, which left the audience entirely satisfied without the trouble of seeking a reason. Who the "Darling of the Gods" was I never rightly discovered, but I am sure that the Immortals of the Gallery, despite the noisy but negligible dissent of a small minority, must in their hearts have assigned to Mr. TREE that flattering title-rôle. O. S.

EMOLLIENTS FOR MILLIONAIRES.

AMERICAN STYLE.

I.

THE scene is Mrs. RONALD CAY's reception room, Fifth Avenue, New York. It is expensively furnished, in one of the several modes which the custom of the moment allows to be correct. Mr. PONTIUS WATTLE is sitting on an uncomfortable chair, his legs crossed, his hat in his hand, his gaze fixed on the ceiling. He is a man of medium height, about forty-five or fifty, rather dark, and looks a little like a Baptist clergyman who is not dependent on his salary. A maid comes in.

The Maid. Mrs. CAY will be down directly, Sir.

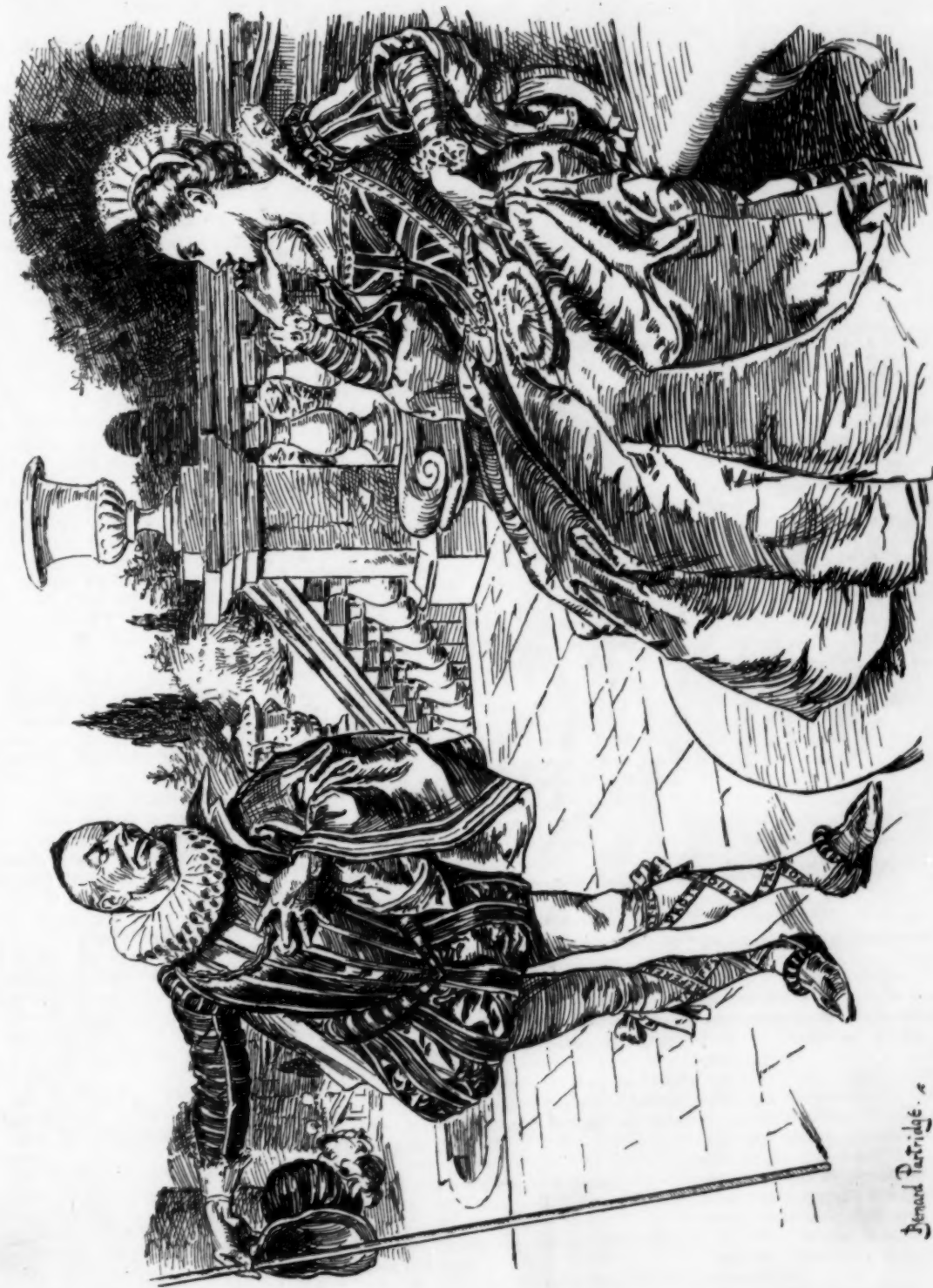
Mr. WATTLE's sole comment upon this information is to uncross his legs, and to recross them, as Mr. HENRY JAMES would say, "in the opposite sense." After a few minutes he sighs deeply, and bestows with his right forearm a caress upon his hat.

Mrs. CAY comes in. She is a flexible, gliding person, not yet forty, with a small head, and a business-like, decidedly pretty face. Her manner would not be bad if its ease were a little less determined.

Mrs. Cay. You wished to see me, Mr. WATTLE.

Mr. Wattle. Yes, Ma'am. I want to put myself in your hands. I believe you train millionaires, don't you?

Mrs. C. Exactly. In this establishment, which is called



TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

Malvolio . . . Mr. CHAMBERS.

Olivia . . . BRINDLEY.

Bernard Partridge.

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES



the House of Correctness, we teach them the art of civilised or New York life.

Mr. W. That's what I want to learn. I'm a millionaire from Idaho, and I'd like to settle in New York and kind of mix up in Society. I'm reckoned a good mixer.

Mrs. C. I see. But before we go any further I may as well explain our methods. You don't mind my being frank?

Mr. W. Guess I can stand it.

Mrs. C. Well, there are two things we have to offer. You must choose. You know how they do this in London?

Mr. W. No, Ma'am, can't say I do.

Mrs. C. Over there someone would take you up just as you are, unrectified, and put you into the best houses. In a few months you would be going everywhere. But nobody would really want you anywhere. This we call the mechanical mixture.

Mr. W. Beg pardon, I don't seem to follow—?

Mrs. C. It doesn't matter. The second plan, which we call the chemical combination, is slower. Its object would be to make you the kind of person who gets invited for his own sake.

Mr. W. For my own sake! Ain't you forgetting I've got money?

Mrs. C. My dear man, do you think me likely to forget that? Please observe, I said the object of the second plan was to make your presence desired on its own account: I didn't say that would necessarily be its effect.

Mr. W. That's more like it.

Mrs. C. In practice we have found that no matter which plan we adopt the result is apt to be a compromise between the two. Except of course in extreme cases, when the first plan is the only one possible.

Mr. W. How long would number two take, in my case?

Mrs. C. I'm afraid I can't say, Mr. WATTLE. So many things, chiefly unknown quantities, have to be considered. How much money have you?

Mr. W. Am I obliged to answer that?

Mrs. C. O, no. All I mean is, how much can people be made to believe you have?

Mr. W. H'm! . . . Between seven and eight million. Call it seven.

Mrs. C. Nonsense. Call it ten, of course.

Mr. W. O, ten, of course, of course.

Mrs. C. That certainly does simplify things. They are simpler than if you had five. Not so simple as if you had fifteen. In the next place . . .

Mrs. CAY holds her head a little on one side, and appraises Mr. WATTLE, who casts down his eyes with modesty.

Mrs. C. In the next place there's . . . you, Mr. WATTLE.



LAYING DOWN THE LAW.

Lady (entertaining friend's little girl). "DO YOU TAKE SUGAR, DARLING?"

The Darling. "YES, PLEASE."

Lady. "HOW MANY LUMPS?"

The Darling. "OH, ABOUT SEVEN; AND WHEN I'M OUT TO TEA I START WITH CAKE."

Mr. W. Meaning, I guess, am I an asset or a liability?

Mrs. C. Precisely. I suppose you don't know if you have any social gifts?

Mr. W. Can't say, Ma'am, at this longitude.

Mrs. C. Ah!

She reflects a little. A pause.

Mrs. C. Which set would you prefer to move in?

Mr. W. Surely there's not more than one at the top?

Mrs. C. My dear Sir, you have—I am sorry to say it—much to learn. Do you prefer intense respectability, or would a little freedom be more in your line?

Mr. W. Out in Idaho freedom is respectable.

Mrs. C. Dear, dear! How shall I make you understand? I fear yours is an obstinate case, Mr. WATTLE, yet its difficulty makes it interesting. I am willing to try what I can do. My associates will begin to call on you next week, and you may come here to dine—or better, to lunch—with me on Thursday.

Mr. W. I'm sure I'm obliged, Ma'am.

Mrs. C. Don't say that until my bill is presented.

Seeing *Mrs. CAY* smile as she says this, Mr. WATTLE goes away reassured.

(To be continued.)

GOING ROUND THE CAVES.

(A Sketch from a well-known Watering-place.)

The party of Sightseers, having paid their respective sixpences and passed the turnstile, find themselves in a penitential chamber, vaulted and furnished with shallow and columned alcoves, in one of which is displayed a placard inscribed "Waltz." They seat themselves on a row of kitchen chairs and converse in subdued tones as they await the official guide, who presently appears bearing a large flat scone full of flaring candle-ends.

Guide (with the customary contempt for stops, and a more than Early-Victorian prodigality in the matter of aspirates). Ladies and gentlemen the hupartment you are now in it is the ballroom it has not been built up nothing of the kind what you see 'ere bein' hall 'ollered hout of the solid sand-stone by the discoverer of these caves you will now kindly foller me . . . (he leads the party down a long corridor with recesses on both sides, in which more candle-ends are flickering). This passage forms the new hentrance to the caves the hideer was taken hoff of the Catacombs of Rome as you may heasily perceive from the niches and pillars though not of so hancient a period not 'aving been constructed no longer than sixty-two years. We now henter the first of these 'ighly hinteresting caves that hapture in front of you was the hold entrance has may heasily be seen by the steps cut in the rock which it is supposed that they were done by the horig'nal hoccupants (here one of the party commits himself to a statement that the interior is "picturesque," while it reminds another of the "Forty Thieves"). The hapture was haccidentally discovered hover sixty years ago by a gardener of the name of GOLDING while hengaged in digging the soil fell through the 'ole thereby revealing the hexistence of the caves he then hobtained leave to make hexcavations sell the sand for his hown benefit and hexhibit the caves for a term of years (A ponderous member of the party expresses an opinion that the caves must be a "very valuable asset," which, remembering the sixpence for admission, nobody seems prepared to dispute). Heleven years he was in hexecuting the work dying six months hafter completion so that he did not live long to henjoy the fruits of his hindustry though his widow and children survived to in'erit them till quite recently. Now some of you on be'olding the hapture may hask (here he fixes upon the most vacuous Sightseer, whose mouth falls open at once) "Why 'ave a second hentrance at all—why not come in by this one?" (the V. S., pulling himself together, is understood to murmur something about an "emergency exit.") I will tell you the reason for why the howners of the surface refused to allow haccess hover their land thus it consequently became necessary to construct the passage by which hentrance is now hobtained.

[At this a satirical Sightseer whispers to his Young Lady that the Guide seems "crule 'ard on pore ole letter haitch"—to which she signifies assent by a delighted giggle.

The colossal statue above the harch if you will kindly stand a little back where I now am is a correck representation of the Reverend Mr. BLOTT Mr. GOLDING's minister at that period bein' cut out by his own 'ands from the solid stone without assistance of hany kind except two day labourers to carry away the sand which you will all agree with me that for a gardener Mr. GOLDING must have been a very clever man. (The party inspect the Rev. Mr. BLOTT's legs, which are all of him that is visible by candlelight, with the silent reverence due to High Art, before passing to the next cave.) Some will tell you that these caves they were all done by smugglers now that is not a very probable the'ry it would require consid'able time and labour to construct

caves of this size and they would need all their time for smuggling purposes though hundoubtedly these caves they were used by smugglers halso their hobject bein' to dispose of their goods as quickly as possible they would not require so much room for storage therefore far the most probable the'ry is that they were due to the Herly Christians who fled 'ere to havoid persecution hunder the hancient Romans and Hanglo-Saxons. Hon the hupper part of this wall you will hobserve a large bust (here an elderly lady inquires whether it is supposed to be the likeness of one of the Early Christians) from the fact that it is represented with hepaulettes on both shoulders the general opinion is that it 'as not come down from hany very remote period and is certainly not hantique it is far more likely to be a portrait of one of the smugglers but 'oo it is we cannot say not possessing no records of hany kind hall we do know is that smugglers were in the 'abit of using these caves though we 'ave no hactual proof that they did so.

Our present KING ladies and gentlemen when he visited these caves some years ago made a re-mark bein' Prince of WALES at the time. The re-mark he made was that they would make a very good wine-cellar which I think they would do so myself. Through this 'ole 'ere hunder which I shall presently hask you to follow me the present KING and QUEEN passed on the hoccasion the 'ole bein' then of far smaller dimensions than it now is their Majesties were compelled to crawl through it on all fours the widenin' of the 'ole bein' hintirely caused by friction from boots below and clothes above you will please to lower your 'eds to havoid crushing your 'ats. . . .

[The party follow him through the hole, with the jokes and exclamations appropriate to the situation.

Hon this wall near which I am now standing you will notice one of our most hinteresting monuments a carving representing the hexact shape of a Roman hurn it has been suggested that it may be the tomb of some Herly Christian but a moment's reflection will convince you (here he again fixes the vacuous Sightseer, who looks as convinced as possible on such short notice) that this hidea cannot be the correct one and I will tell you for why honly two methods of sepulchre bein' practised by the Herly Christians one cremation the hother hurn-burial now it is hobvious that this hurn carved as it is on the surface of the solid stone cannot possibly contain yuman ashes but is merely a memorial to 'oom it is not known the hinscriptions on the walls around they are hall modern bein' done by visitors. . . .

[They enter the next cave.

'Ere you will hobserve faults (the party assume a critical air) due to volcanic haction these caves 'aving been cast up many thousand years ago from the hcean bed in proof of which I will draw your attention to the roof on which you can plainly perceive ripple-marks hexactly resembling those left on the sand at low tide these ripple-marks bein' hupside down will give you some hidea of the violence of the herup-tion it is not my hown opinion I am now giving you but that of leading scientists who have hexamined them. Kindly step carefully into the next cave the slope of the floor bein' somewhat habrupt. . . . The 'alf-length figure on the wall 'ere is supposed to be the work of the Herly Christians from the full sleeves bein' hevidently a bishop.

Hoppersite is a hancient bath when discovered the bottom was coated hover with clay happarently to 'inder the water from hescaping it has been suggested that it was more probably hintended to contain a supply of drinkin' water now that is not a bad suggestion though I think I can show that it is hincorrect for it would soon become stargnant and a hample supply could be carried in in skins and barrels therefore it is far more likely that it was used as a babbisimal fount by the Herly Christians who would merely 'ave to make a 'ole in the clay to let the water run off and be habsorbed

by the sand nor would it be necessary to fill it very full heighten hitches bein' sufficient for total himmersion . . . we next henter the largest cave of hall it is hestimated to contain has many as fifteen thousand men standing hupright a pretty big harmy you will agree though howing to the habsence of ventilation their hair would soon become too foul to support life besides which the hexits being well known at present it would be useless as a niding place for hany army. We are now one 'undred and forty-five feet below the surface not that the floor has descended but because of the helevation of the 'ill as can be proved by our bein' hexactly oppersite St. Clement's Terrace hif the most violent thunderstorm was takin' place over'ed you would not be aware of it down 'ere which rendered it a safe 'iding place for the Herly Christians who could make what noise they liked with no fear of bein' hover'ead (*the party seem to appreciate the value of this Christian privilege*) the honly light is hobtained from the haperture in the first cave therefore at sunset this place is in total darkness to give you some ideer what that darkness is I will now remove the light (*which he proceeds to do*). Hany one left be'ind 'ere for a night would soon go out of his mind though no such event has 'appened since these caves were first hopened bein' carefully searched hevery night the last thing this passage conducts us back to the ballroom where we started it is 'ighly patronised during the season by parties who are fond of a novelty all who care to dance bein' free to do so which brings us to the end of our journey ladies and gentlemen are kindly requested not to forget the guide we 'ave no regler salary being hintirely dependent on such gratooties we may receive thank you very much.

[The Party bestow tips as they file out, with a feeling that their minds have been enlarged.]

F. A.

THE LAMENT OF THE LADIES' MAN.

In youth I never cared for sport;
Fresh air was not a passion to me;
Athletic feats of any sort
Sent unresponsive shudders through me;
I had, in fact, a sedentary mind,
And hated exercise of any kind.

And so, when others smote the sphere
With bat or mallet, boots or putter,
I charmed (with song) the female ear,
And made the female bosom flutter.
I also played the zither and recited
Poems of young loves, prematurely
blighted.



CHURCH PATRONAGE.

Englishwoman. "HAVE YOU BEEN TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY YET?"
Fair American. "No; BUT I HEAR IT RIGHTLY SPOKEN OF!"

I sang, as I have said: I had
That kind of voice that folks call
"fluty";
I trilled of "Memories strangely sad,"
Of "Pansies" and the "Eyes of
Beauty."
Not more divinely does the early bird
Sing when the worm has recently
occurred.

At that delightful hour of gloom,
Slightly anterior to tea-time,
I paralysed the drawing-room
With trifles of my own in three-time,
Till all the air was heavy with Desire,
And prostrate matrons begged me to
retire.

Just then a vogue for High Romance
Prevailed, and I'd a pent-up yearning;
The hollow cheek, the hungry glance,
Betrayed the Fever inly burning;
At inconvenient times the thing would
out,
Especially when ladies were about.

Somehow the care of female hearts
At that time always fell to my lot;
Within the maze of Cupid's arts
I was their guiding star, their pilot;
Not to have loved me with a blinding
passion
Was, broadly speaking, to be out of
fashion.

But latterly, I don't know why,
That star has waned, until at last I'm
Left in the lurch while maidens fly
Towards the ruder forms of pastime;
And now their talk is all of tennis courts,
Of golf, gymkhanas and athletic sports.

I don't complain. I know there'll be
One of these days a mild renaissance
In the exclusive cult of ME:
I view the fact with some com-
plaisance;
One day there'll come an era of the
Brain,
And THEODORE will be himself again.

JOSEPHUS TYRANNUS.

(Being a recently discovered fragment of a Greek Drama, rendered into English both freely and literally by a Committee of Fiscal experts.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Josephus (a Brumperialist).

Balfour (the Child).

The Duke (a High Priest).

Winston (a Youth).

Chorus of Tariff Reform Commissioners, Chaplins, Howorths, Howard Vincents, Vinces, Wanklyn, &c.

SCENE—The Court of a Temple. In the centre of the Court stands an altar. Beside it is JOSEPHUS, wrapped in thought and a short cloak, on which are legibly embroidered the words "Made in Holland." The Chorus is grouped in the background.

Josephus (soliloquizes). Now indeed is the accepted time, for to me, borne hither on a King's war-galley from South African shores, the prospect was not otherwise than dark, and from the puny fingers of them that I had left behind power, not for the first time, seemed to have escaped notice all but slipping away. For, on the one side, discord had raised horrid shouts among those who, worshipping some in one temple some in another, cannot endure that the city's appointed high priests should grasp more drachmæ than seemed to be fair, and, on the other side, as to the war, which verily was to me as a waving feather in my head-gear, some things had resulted in sixes and some in sevens, and there was a clamour amongst the citizens, asking that someone should perish by the hemlock, a potion void of sweetness. Wherefore to me reflecting on these things came the fear lest I too should suffer a smirching and be precipitated into dishonour, losing the favour of the citizens and the good words of them that say, "Lo, this is he, the queller of foes: let us bow down before him, for he is in truth a ruler knowing the minds of men and not unacquainted at least with his own." Now therefore my word has gone forth and my plan is ordained, so that henceforth, if by their votes the people will establish me, each man shall be as rich as his fellows, ay, and richer too. And may the gods give a favourable issue, for to them I make my vows, prepared to sacrifice a child, dearer to me even than the white hair of Jesse, on the altars.

[The doors of the Temple are flung open, and through them advances the Child, innocently arrayed in white garments for sacrifice, and followed by the DUKE, robed in the vestments of the Sacrificial Priest. They take their stand by JOSEPHUS while the Chorus comes forward and sings.]

CHORUS.

Oh, mother of many magnificences, fertile breeder of daughter-countries, broad-bosomed and mighty-armed England, lo, now is the season perfected for the giving of a sign, now is the word come swift from the mutton-haunted Seddonian pastures, labour-run, democratic and loud-tongued; and from the snowy vesture of Canadian tracts it springs, strong-limbed, rejoicing in fruitfulness. And to us too it has spoken, to us dim-eyed, groping in darkness, whether in hope of profit each one for himself we plunge our desiring hands deep into another's store of hardly-earned wealth, or, waving for our Protection the tattered banners of our sires that perished sixty years ago, and brandishing their swords notched in ancient conflicts and defaced with disgracing rust, we follow the life-giver, thirsting for spoil. For to us lately standing on the topmost battlements and looking out over the sea came a marvellous sight. Grey was the sky and grey the roof of Poseidon's mansion, but on a sudden, lo, a rosy flush tinted the western limits of ocean, sprinkled with foam as of fish leaping in the rays of the sun.

Ruddier and ruddier it grew, extending ever towards us until our souls were drenched in redness. Ruddier still it came, and a voice sounded over the wastes of the many-furrowed merchandise-infested sea saying, "Firm must be the hand that shall wield the Harengus, the red Harengus, the diverter of the following foe, the promoter of forgetfulness."

And now on a sudden awaked from dreams each one of us clutches his sword again:

It is better to die in a whirl of wealth than live in poverty, dearth and pain.

And CHAPLIN, squire of our hearts' desire, and HOWORTH, lord of the pointed pen,

And WANKLYN, wordily wild in woe, they have each brought hither a troop of men.

From the North and South, from the East and West commissioners hurry at JOSEPH's call;

"Each for himself," is the song they sing, "and the d——I may catch the fools who fall."

And, oh, what a grinding sound comes forth, for each of them brings his private axe

To be brightened and ground and turned out sharp on a beautiful brand-new tariff tax.

Worship and praise to the Bird belong, to the Oof-Bird hatched in a Midland town;

Worship and praise to the golden haze that circles the great Bird swooping down;

Worship and praise and prayer and song from man and woman and death-doomed Child

To the Bird, the glorious sovereign Bird, as he utters his native bank-notes wild.

With pearly buttons his breast is bright, and, oh, or ever he left his nest,

The hand of our JOSEPH tricked him out with morocco jewels around his crest;

And those who have much, but want much more from the marvellous Bird by JOSEPH hatched,

Sing "JOE, my JOE, I will scratch your back, for I have a back that must be scratched."

[The Chorus retires to back of stage, leaving JOSEPHUS, the Child, and the DUKE.]

Josephus (to the Duke). The sacrifice is prepared and the gods demand their offering. Is thy knife whetted, thou grey-beard?

The Duke. Ay, that it is; (aside) and for thee too, insulter of grey-beards, is the edge sharpened. But an ox shall walk upon my tongue lest my words betray me. (Aloud, to the Child). Come forward, for the altar is ready, and the people stand round waiting.

Josephus (to the Child). Oh, sweeter to me than the petals of orchids, pride of mine eyes and nurseries of my later years, thou art about to die.

The Child (meekly). Yea, for coming hither I am indeed come to the threshold of Pluto's palace.

Josephus. And thy dear companions, where hast thou left them?

The Child. Companion me no companions, for I must go the dark road alone, since thou commandest.

Josephus. Yea, verily, necessity is a hard task-mistress.

The Child (ironically). And she to thee was no doubt a teacher in the house.

Josephus. All men must die, but not all together. Wherefore it profits that thou go first, and I will abide the day appointed for me and will labour on.

The Child. Labour is for them that labour, but I, being dead, cannot labour, for a man once embarked upon the Styx returns not ever.

Josephus. Yea, for to die and to live are two distinct things.



OUT OF REACH.

Boy on Pavement. "WHIP BEHIND!"

Boy on Motor Brougham. "YAH! HE CAN'T WHIP BEHIND. HE AIN'T GOT NO WHIP!"

The Child. Hold on: I indicate a better way of fortune for both of us.

Josephus. Thy words come too late, for thus the gods ordain.

The Child. Woe heaps woe upon woe over him that is already filled with woe. (*Sings*)

Must I then leave the portals of the day,

A tender victim,

Doomed on the further bank of Styx to stay,

Since JOSEPH picked him?

Why from old Charon's bark, foredoomed to die,

Should I be landed,

Just because JOSEPH wants a tax, and I

Can't understand it?

I am the leader, and for this to-do

That JOSEPH's made he's

Got to pay up by following some day to

The courts of Hades.

[*Barca* his breast and advances to the altar. A noise as of an approaching multitude is heard without.

The Chorus sings:—

Lo, the victim is prepared,

And his tender breast is bared,

And the Priest is looking daggers with a carver in his hand.

And we shouldn't wonder if,

After making BALFY stiff

He sent JOSEPH off to join him on the Acherontic strand.

We should like to shout "Beware!"

Mr. JOSEPH, have a care!"

But the essence of our being's not to utter what we think.

Though we know what Fate has planned,

We can never raise a hand

To prevent it, but we wag our heads and wink, wink, wink.

And now what noise is this as of rescuers advancing swiftly to the Temple? Surely the guards will withstand them, lest the shrine should suffer desecration. Nearer it comes and nearer, and now, oh woeful sight, the gates are burst open. Death hath a thousand shapes all equally disagreeable, but there is yet time for us flying on the wings of alarm to make for safety.

[*They do so at the very moment that the youth WINSTON, at the head of an angry mob, bursts into the Temple, but not in time to prevent the DUKE from immolating both the Child and JOSEPHUS on the altar. Tableau.*

Cætera desunt.

R. C. L.



THE RULING PASSION.

Sporting Tradesman (after a fall, feeling in his pocket). "CASH ALL RIGHT, ANYWAY!"

THE NEW POETICS.

[It is affirmed week after week by a certain critic that our serious drama will never be serious enough until it ceases to concern itself with the relations between men and women. According to him, evidently, love is a hackneyed stage convention for which life offers no excuse. If this is so, presumably politics or finance will be the themes of the new drama.]

'Twas held of yore dramatic art
Should raise—if you ignore mere
farces—

Pity and terror in the heart,
Thereby effecting their *katharsis*.
This scheme the Stagirite devised,
And we may still accept his notions,
Allowing for our modernised

Emotions.

The maid of Athens, when she heard
Electra urging to the slaughter,

Paled at the foul unnatural word
And shrank from that revolting
daughter.

The matron, when the "double blow"
Had silenced Clytemnestra's groaning,
Suffered her own maternal woe
Unmoaning.

Elizabethan wives turned white
To see the Moor with ruthless pillows
Slay *Desdemona* for her quite
Imaginary peccadilloes.
Purged by the scene upon the boards,
And over-awed by such disasters,
They gladly bore their jealous lords
And masters.

To-day we see the playwrights ring
The changes on the old old story;
They think that love is still the thing,
And problems in their primal glory.

And yet we gaze with callous eye
On dramas that we used to care for
Unchastened. What can be the why
And wherefore?

It is that love has passed away;
Your tender sentiment and passion
Are relics of a by-gone day,
Survivals of a faded fashion.
If you would touch a heart to-night,
Give us no more your sweets and
honey—

Give us our ruling passion! Write
Of money!

Consols and Kaffirs, shipping rings,
The last quotations from the City,
These are to-day the only things
That rouse our terror and our pity.
And soon the dramatist shall cease
To pocket anything substantial
Unless he learns to make his piece
Financial.

For when we see the millionaire
Engaged in mighty speculations,
Financing cotton corners there,
And here tobacco combinations;
When we behold in ruin thrown
All the concerns the hero bosses,
At once we shall forget our own
Small losses.

WEEK-END WRINKLES.

(By the Expert.)

LUGGAGE AND EQUIPMENT.

It is difficult to know how much or how little to take away for a week-end, but it is always as well to be on the safe side. Personally, for a three or four days' trip I never take less than five pieces, three of which are labelled and two go under the seat. This is exclusive of my gun-case, camera, golf sticks, and air cushion. In the van I also take a brace of beagles, and, when my destination is the Shires, a couple of remounts. Perhaps I had better specify what the various pieces are and what they contain. In the large hair trunk are seven pairs of boots, each carefully wrapped up in paper, a pair of list slippers for bedroom use, dancing pumps, puttees, and gums. Then comes a layer of slumber wear, lounge suits, knickers and aquascuta, while the arched top is filled with Homburg and other hats, as I am one of those who believe in the efficacy of constantly changing one's headgear.

At the bottom of my kit-bag is my saddle, the remaining space being filled with collars, cuffs and "dickeys," which are absolutely indispensable. In my fitted dressing-bag I carry my toothbrush. I make a point of packing this myself, and never let my man do it. I shall never forget the difficulty I had in borrowing a toothbrush from Lord — at Molar Grange, although I made it clear that I would return it in the



"TEMPUS EDAX RERUM."

THE YOUNG NEW YEAR (whose precocious tastes are already modelled on those of the Old Gourmand). "NOW, OLD MAN, WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO GIVE ME?"

morning. Should white shirts be required they can always be extracted from a station show-case when the officials are not looking, but it is best to remove the pink collar-stud before use.

ON THE JOURNEY.

Never be careless about your get-up or manners when travelling. An act of civility to a stranger, the offer of a match or a sandwich, may lead to most desirable and profitable acquaintances. To give an instance, I owed my first invitation to Melton Mowbray entirely to the fact that Sir CHARLES —, who was travelling in the same compartment with me down to Esher, had forgotten his cigar-case. I saw him feeling in his pockets, guessed the cause, and offered him a fine Borneo which I had bought on the way to the station.

As regards refreshments, a flask is indispensable. Whatever you do, avoid carrying your liquor in a medicine-bottle. When I was an undergraduate at All Souls, Oxford, and before I knew what was what, I missed one of the chances of my life by making that mistake. I was returning from the "Long Vacuum" on the Continent, and after a roughish passage got into the train at Dover. A stylish-looking elderly man was the only other passenger, and shortly after we had started he said, "I wonder if you could let me have some brandy. I am feeling rather faint." As ill-luck would have it, all the brandy I had got was in an old Elliman's Embrocation bottle, and when I offered it to him he waved it aside, saying, "After all, perhaps I am better without it." Imagine my feelings when, on arriving at Victoria, a servant addressed him as "Your Grace." One more point: be careful in the purchase of newspapers. My own rule is to go in for variety. The *Athenæum*, the *Sportsman*, *Science* *Stiftings*, and the *Pilot*, are a good selection.

THE ART OF TIPPING.

We are here treading on very delicate ground. An Englishman's house is his castle, and he naturally does not wish his retinue to be corrupted by indiscriminate largesse. Still, the labourer is worthy of his hire; though, personally, if I could have my way, I should like to keep it to bronze or gifts in kind. These latter, however, must be bestowed with nice discrimination. I shall never forget the expression of rapture of a footman at Lord WIMPOLE's when, after a two months' stay at Wigmores Castle, I slipped into his hand a pair of Argosy braces. One of the pulleys was missing, but otherwise it was a sound and classy article. Still it is not in the power of every one of the readers of *Yesterday* to fit the *douceur* to the *doucee* — as our lively Gallic



'EXTINCT ANIMALS.'

AFTER READING PROFESSOR RAY LANKESTER'S INTERESTING LECTURE AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION, ANOTHER DISTINGUISHED PROFESSOR DECIDES TO INTRODUCE TO THE PUBLIC HIS OWN REMARKABLE COLLECTION OF FOSSILISED REMAINS OF ANIMALS IN HIS OPINION FISCALLY EXTINCT.

neighbours say — with such perfect success. Hence, the average man had best pay his tips in specie.

Hardly a week passes but I receive several letters asking me whether or not one should tip one's host. This depends. For one thing, one does not always know who one's host is. If his table is liberal, his cellar above suspicion — and readers of *Yesterday* will know what I mean — if he puts one at one's ease by occasionally remarking "It's a cold day," he certainly ought to have a trifle. But be sure you give it in coin or postal orders (not crossed) or even stamps, *never* by cheque. I remember when I was still a subaltern tendering a cheque to the Earl of —. He took it — I subsequently found that he cashed it at his butcher's the same day — but he never asked me to — Castle again. The need of making sure which of the gentlemen is your host I can best illustrate by another little anecdote. I had been staying at — Towers for cub shooting one July, and on leaving

pressed the usual honorarium into the hand, as I thought, of my noble host. His look of surprise caused me to make some inquiries of the coachman who was tooling me to the nearest junction, and I discovered to my intense chagrin that he was a distant and untitled cousin. To make the solecism all the more glaring he was actually in need of money.

To come now to the tipping of servants, which is of course obligatory in the stately homes of England. Amounts differ according to the rank and prestige of the recipient. Butlers, like cigar-ettes, should be tipped with gold. (If you have no gold, then you had better tip and run.) I get many letters on the subject of the *modus operandi* of bestowing tips. Mementos for chambermaids should be left on the washstand, not too conspicuously, and yet not so clandestinely as to run the risk of being swept into the slop-pail. By the way, I recollect when I was staying with the Hon. HILDEBRAND BROOKS, on Monkey Island, for the Henley week, that, owing

to the peculiarity of my host, no wash-stand was provided. I was consequently obliged to leave it under the door-mat. It was my good fortune to be asked to pay a second visit the following year, and to be allotted the same cubicle. I thought I was looked upon askance by the neat-handed Phyllis, and was puzzled to fathom the reason until, on my usual tour of inspection before retiring to rest, I discovered that the coin was still under the mat. Needless to say that on leaving I added another sixpence to it.

"THE LORDLIEST LIFE ON EARTH."

[The title of these verses is borrowed from Mr. KIPLING, who employed it when writing in defence of compulsory military service. *A propos* of that defence it may be noted that Lieut. SCHILLING and Sergeant FRANZKY, both of the German army, have just been sentenced to fifteen months and five years respectively for maltreating their men. FRANZKY was in the habit of enforcing discipline with a cudgel or riding whip. On this *Reuter* notes as "interesting" that Count zu LIMBURG-STREUM, in a recent debate in the Reichstag, "expressed the view that sergeants could hardly get their men into shape, especially Socialists, without a certain number of blows"]

Count Von Stir'-em-up speaks:—

My countrymen, be calm, I pray,
And hear what I have got to say
About Lieutenant SCHOCKING's case
And Sergeant WOPPENHEIM's disgrace.
Weigh well the views that I express,
And you will readily confess
That they are gallant fellows and
A credit to the Fatherland.

Lieutenant SCHOCKING, I maintain,
Should certainly be tried again;
The sentence which the Court decreed
Is far too long. It is indeed.
Shall Prussian officers be sent
To actual imprisonment
For having knocked about the head
Some private (subsequently dead)?
Granted that there are safer regions
On which to whack our German legions,
Still 'twas but an excess of zeal
Directed to the common weal,
And, far from being reprehended,
Ought to be tacitly commended.

To Sergeant WOPPENHEIM I doubt
If justice has been meted out.
Some sentimental people here
Pretend that he was too severe
When visiting with castigations
The soldier's breach—of regulations.
If any private made a slip
He caught it with a riding-whip,
And generally caught it hot!
To which my answer is, "Why not?"
'Tis simply folly to suppose
A "certain quantity of blows"
Is not a necessary thing
For teaching people soldiering.

And people who pretend to say
Drill can be taught some other way
Completely fail to understand
The army of the Fatherland.

So let's agree Lieutenant S.,
And Sergeant WOPPENHEIM no less,
Have both been wrongfully accused,
And very very badly used.
A stick is always useful in
The maintenance of discipline—
And sergeants handy with their fists
Are much the best with Socialists!
The sergeants tell me this is so,
And surely sergeants ought to know?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE title of Mr. MAARTENS' collection of short stories, *My Poor Relations* (CONSTABLE), reflects the humanity which shines from every page of the book. I have only a traveller's acquaintance, says my Nautical Retainer, with life in Dutch villages, but it takes no very fine instinct to recognise here the signs of intimate observation. Mr. MAARTENS has shown himself independent of the artificial devices of his craft. He has no recourse to coincidence, the shocks of chance, or "moving accidents by flood and field." He takes these existences, sordid, mean, and colourless (save for the annual Kermesse), and finds in their essential qualities all the artistic material he needs for tragedy, comedy, or satire. He never idealises, in the vulgar sense; at most over the grey landscape and the greyer hearts of his characters he throws something of the atmosphere of his own buoyancy, but often, as in the story of "The Banquet," so astonishingly alive in its unfamiliar detail, he seems to project nothing of himself into the crude facts of his theme. But all the while he is covering up the trace of his processes; and if the result appears easy of attainment this is the artist's triumph. One hears rumours that the short story has had its vogue; but such a collection as this of Mr. MAARTENS should go a long way to restore the popularity of that most difficult and exquisite form of art.

There is always a certain freshness of charm about the work of the "Author of *Miss Molly*," and her latest novel, *The Great Reconciler* (METHUEN), should bring her many new friends. As far as the book-love of my Nautical Retainer goes, the main scheme is original. From the passionate appeals of her lover—in part unrequited, in part rejected from lack of enterprise—the lady finds shelter in the platonic affections of a dilettante admirer. This simple friendship, on her side, develops into something stronger, but when she gets her freedom it is to find that on his side no corre-

sponding development was ever contemplated. It comes at last, but not till disillusionment has finally closed that chapter of her life's romance, and she has learned to recognise the unsatisfying nature of a love that has in it no element of passion.

Apart from the principal characters there is an admirable study of a Boer girl, irreconcilable to English tastes and types. A solitary exception divides her loyalty, and from this devotion springs the tragedy which gives its name to the book. The closing scenes, laid in South Africa during the late War, are perhaps disproportionately short. More space might well have been spared to them from the earlier chapters of the book, which move slowly, hampered by much dialogue that is pleasantly otiose. The book, indeed, lacks balance; just as, in detail, its diction is too loosely spontaneous. As for the recklessness of the punctuation, though this delightful author may plead a soul above such details, neither that nor any other excuse can be accepted from the printer's reader. And hereto the Baron sets his seal.

THE BARON



MY EPITAPH.

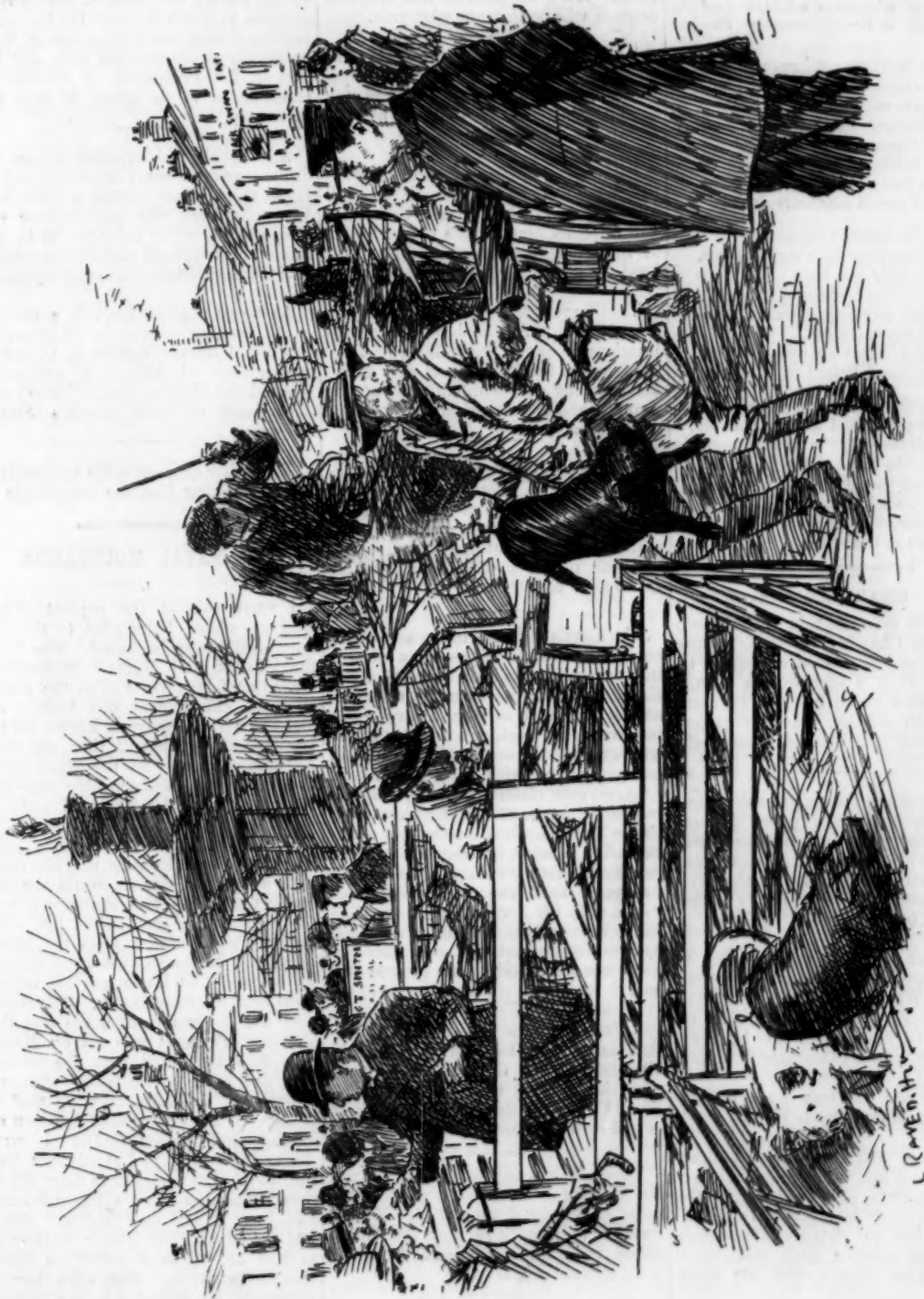
[The Englishman need have no fear of losing his reputation for pluck and endurance, while he continues to wear without a groan the fancy waistcoat of startling hue knitted for him by his own or other people's sisters.]

DEAR, when I have departed
From this abode of gloom,
And my remains are carted
Into the hollow tomb,
Shed thou no tears for me, but o'er
The spot where I am laid
Inscribe these simple words, "He wore
The waistcoat which I made."

There where the grass waves greenly,
And earth is glad with flowers,
Love, I shall sleep serenely
Through quiet, dreamless hours.
The passing throng shall know no more
Than this—that one obeyed
Till death his lady's will, and wore
The waistcoat which she made.

Humours of a Catalogue.

ROSEBERRY (Lord), *His Life and Speeches*, buckram, gilt extra, 7s. 6d.



LOGICAL.

R.S.P.C.A. Inspector. "YOU'D BEST BE CAREFUL HOW YOU HANDLE THOSE PEGS, YOUNG MAN. IF I CATCH YOU LIFTING 'EM BY THE TAIL AGAIN, I'LL TAKE OUT A SUMMONS AGAINST YOU."
Countryman. "WELL! WHO? WHO? NOT ON 'ARTH DO 'EE THINK PEGS 'AS GOT TAILS FOR, THEN?"

Ravenhill

A MOUSE FANCY.

[Some £10 mice were exhibited (and by three ladies!) at the Walthamstow Fanciers show.]

PHYLLIS (it is "PHYLLIS" ever
Whom the various bards endeavour
To ingratiate with an ode
Or some offering *à la mode*),
PHYLLIS, I repeat, I'm yearning,
Now your birthday is returning,
To present you with a gift—
Listen, and you'll catch my drift!

Hoping to be found propitious,
Knowing that your taste's capricious,
I remember how you hate
Anything not up-to-date.
So I scan my morning journal
With a vigilance eternal,
And at last I've set my eyes
On a really novel Prize!

Something that will move you deeply,
Something purchased not too cheaply,
('Tisn't radium—that's by now
Too banal, you must allow);
But I'm sure you'll find this "ripping"
(Yes, I see your lively skipping),
'Tis a treasure for the house—
See, I send the Champion Mouse!

CHARIVARIA.

A MADMAN succeeded in getting into the French Chamber of Deputies the other day, and expressed a wish to be Premier. It is a sign of the change for the better which has recently come over French politics, that our papers should think this item of news worth recording.

À propos of the KAISER's recent Waterloo speech, a German paper declares that we know the truth to be as stated, and draws attention to the "significant fact" that the completion of the Wellington Monument in St. Paul's Cathedral is not being proceeded with.

The War Office is taking steps to turn its surplus cavalry men into foot soldiers. We see nothing ridiculous in the idea—as some persons profess to. We already have Mounted Infantry. Now we are to have Dismounted Cavalry.

No date has yet been fixed for the termination of the Somali War.

The recent cold snap served to draw attention to a fact which puzzles many persons, namely, that, although the wearers of costly fur overcoats are comparatively few, yet that sort of overcoat is taken by mistake, from restaurants and clubs, far oftener than any other kind.

It is stated that the X-rays will turn

a negro white, if not all over, then in parts. It is quite possible that speckled negroes will be the rage next year.

"Look out! It is coming," is the heading of an advertisement of yet another weekly journal. Nobody can complain afterwards that he had no warning.

Belfast is heartily ashamed of what took place at the Irish League Football Match between Linfield and Celtic. It will be remembered that a bottle thrown at the Linfield goal-keeper missed his head.

The Chunchuse brigands in Manchuria are, we are pleased to hear, paying the Russians a pretty compliment. They are treating the Russians as well as the Manchurians as the inhabitants of the country, and are attacking both without distinction.

It is declared that Russia, with devilish cunning, is attempting to force a war on Japan before the Japanese wrestlers who are now making a successful appearance at one of our music-halls can return to lend their valuable aid to their countrymen.

We English are so often accused of not having a keen appreciation of wit, that we are glad to learn from the *Daily Express* that Mr. HERBERT CAMPBELL makes a "hit" in the Drury Lane pantomime by meeting a monster parrot which repeats the words, "Your food will cost you more," with the subtle retort, "Oh, go and claim the *Daily Express* reward." And, at the Elephant and Castle Theatre, when the Captain of the *Bounding Bloater*, in *Dick Whittington*, suggested that *Idle Jack* looked like a foreigner, and the *Cook* remarked, "Just wait till JOE brings in an Alien Bill," the performance, it is recorded, had to be stopped for some time, so great was the cheering that greeted this *mot*.

A father writes to the Press to say that his two sons have failed to pass the Examination for the Navy, and asks what he can do with them now. A Naval Officer points out that the Army is still open to them.

Those Americans who looked upon Mr. WILLIAM J. BRYAN as a patriot have been grievously disappointed. He has stated to an interviewer that the United States have much to learn from the great nations of Europe.

A French gentleman has been wounded in a duel at Neuilly.

Complaints continue to be made as to the quality and size of the recruits sent out to South Africa. On the other hand it is said that certain officers there habitually over-work the men, and the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children is to be asked to take the matter up.

A constable who arrested a man for drunkenness the other day stated that he found the prisoner kissing a pillar-box. We understand that the prisoner was fined in spite of his defence that he was rather short-sighted, and his sweetheart had an exceptionally brilliant complexion.

As we go to press there is a rumour—and we mention it under all reserve—that Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON is to receive the honour of having a paragraph devoted to him in the "Curiosities" department of next month's *Strand Magazine*.

The writer of these notes has received a card wishing him the complaints of the season.

THE FATAL MOUSTACHE.

I.

I WRITE this at the request of my Mother—whom, I am glad to think, I have hardly ever disobeyed. She hears that MAUDE, and MAUDE's Mother, are spreading false reports as to the reason why the engagement was broken off, and she wishes the truth known for my family's sake. She will then, she says, be quite willing to let the world judge as to who was dishonourable—the girl who was false to her plighted word, or the man who was willing to live a lie for the sake of her whom he loved. She also desires me to state that she never took a fancy to MAUDE, while she saw the sort of woman Mrs. SEVIER was from the moment she set eyes on her. She realised, she declares, from the beginning, that MAUDE was not good enough for me, and that MAUDE and her mother were both after my money. The reason why she did not caution me was that she saw my heart was set on MAUDE, and—like the angel that she is—she did not wish to interfere with my happiness. I should mention that no cross word has ever passed between my Mother and myself. Did I write "never"? Perhaps I should not have said that. Once, and once only, did my dear Mother and I have a little difference, and then it was over MAUDE. MAUDE had a cold, and my Mother forbade me to kiss her while it lasted, in case I should catch it. But even then, I remember, my Mother's loving thoughtfulness found a way out, and after a few days we came to an arrangement by

which MAUDE was to kiss me on the cheek, so that I ran no risk of infection.

Now that I know how distasteful the alliance would have been to my Mother, I consider it a great blessing—indeed, I sometimes fancy that I can trace in it the hand of Providence—that matters should have turned out as they have.

And I think it also shows this: that, in the selection of a wife, one ought to consult one's Mother. It had always been my habit before taking a step of any importance—and, indeed, in many little things—to take my dear Mother's opinion, and I cannot imagine how I came to propose to MAUDE without doing so. It has certainly been a lesson which I shall not forget throughout my life. To think how near I came to making an irreparable blunder! For I see plainly now how unsuited we should have been to one another. MAUDE, for instance, was fond of all kinds of sports, while I hold them all to be dangerous.

Myself, I like reading good books. MAUDE would scarcely ever read, and then it would only be a trashy novel. MAUDE (as it turned out) has a dreadful temper. I have schooled myself to overcome all passions. Worst of all, MAUDE was only religious when she had a new hat.

My dear Mother has been in the room while I have been writing these lines. She has just laid aside the comforter she is knitting for me, and kissed me Good-night.

And yet, although I clearly realise what a grave mistake the match would have been, still, somehow, try as I may, I cannot bring myself to dislike MAUDE as my Mother tells me I ought, and as I know I ought. It is curious, and I hate myself for it. I imagine now she will marry her cousin, the great hulking, medical student, and I find I cannot dislike her enough to wish this. I hold that the correct definition of the word "gentleman" is "a gentle man." You might search far to find anyone further removed from this description than this cousin of MAUDE'S. I will only say that he is as vulgar as his name, which is BOB, and anyone less worthy to marry MAUDE than this loutish fellow, reeking of brute strength and filthy tobacco—this rowdy—I was almost saying this Hooligan—I cannot conceive. The thought that this coarse fellow should marry MAUDE makes me shudder, and now and then I wonder whether I



THE LOST CHORD.

Mr. Simpkin. "Oh, Miss MABEL, THIS SCENERY MAKES ME THINK OF A SHAKESPEARIAN PASSAGE."

Miss Mabel. "Which?"

Mr. Simpkin. "WELL—ER—I DON'T QUITE REMEMBER!"

could forgive her, to save her from this. If only she had not been so rude at the end. I should mention that she was pretty—in a worldly sort of way.

Well, the facts will not take long to tell.

For some little time—a chance remark or two of MAUDE'S gave me the hint—I had had an idea, which I was reluctant to believe, that MAUDE was dissatisfied with my personal appearance. One evening I taxed her with it. At first, she fenced the question, but I kept her to it, and finally she said she thought I was "All right" except for my mouth, and she wondered I did not grow a moustache like BOB'S. Also, she wished I would have my hair cut shorter, like BOB'S. I was rather nettled at first—although I kept control of myself. I told her that BOB was not at all my ideal of a man, and that, if she liked BOB'S mouth and hair, it was a pity she did not have the rest of BOB as well. As for my hair, I did not intend to be like every common fellow you saw in the street. At this, she began to shed tears, and said it was a shame, as I had forced her to say it; and then, after being stern for a little, I made it up, declaring that anyhow she had a pretty enough mouth for the two of us, when she did not cry. My Mother afterwards told me I should not have said this, as it was liable to make her vain, and I believe she was right. My Mother was

also most hurt at MAUDE'S remark about my mouth: she insisted that it was a fine mouth, and that it gave me character, and that on no account was I to hide it with a moustache. I recollect I had some difficulty in preventing her from writing to MAUDE on the subject. She wished to say that anyhow I had not a face like a doll, and would have gone on to draw attention to her (MAUDE'S) Mother's mouth. Dear Mother never got on well with Mrs. SEVIER. She also said she would be seriously displeased if I ever had my hair touched.

Soon after this I got a nasty cough—I am very delicate, and have to wear woollen things all the year round—and, as it had not gone at the end of a week, acting on my mother's advice I went to the South Coast for a month. While there I could not help thinking over MAUDE'S suggestion about the moustache, and finally came to the decision that, to please her, I would grow one. It would be as well to let BOB see that I

could do the same as he if I wanted to. In this I was running counter to the wishes of my Mother, and it is quite possible that what happened was a judgment on me. I consulted a barber, and he recommended me a preparation which he declared would be effective, if anything could, in a fortnight.

However, after a fortnight's use, nothing came but a rash, which was very ugly, so I went to the man to complain. While waiting in the shop, my attention was attracted by some sham moustaches on a card. The fancy seized me that I would like to see how I looked in one. So I put one on. It completely altered me. The effect was hideous, and worldly. I was handing the thing back to the man—who, though his opinion had not been asked, had declared impertinently that it was a distinct improvement—when suddenly I thought, No, I would buy it. A joke had struck me. Although naturally of a serious disposition, I am yet fond of an occasional innocent piece of fun—so long as it causes no pain to others, and so long, I would add, as it is really funny. What I object to is the senseless buffoonery that one sees so much of nowadays, when any vulgarity seems to pass for wit. The idea that had occurred to me was this. When next I was to see MAUDE I would wear the false moustache! It would do no harm, I

thought, to let her know that her cousin was not the only one who could make jokes. And it would rid her, once and for all, of her silly wish to see me with a moustache. This would be just as well, seeing that I could not grow one of my own.

(To be continued.)

MUSICAL NOTES.

WE have received the following interesting communication from a highly cultivated amateur, whose enthusiasm for music is only equalled by his keen interest in the national pastime:—

"I went the other afternoon to hear R. STRAUSS'S Tone Poem '*Rhodes und Maclarung*,' given by the Queen's Hall team under SAMMY WOOD. The scoring was heavy. The audience missed catching the *motivi* which are not of an Italian nature—such, for instance, as Signor TOSSETTI, the Essex composer, indulges in—and owing to a want of activity on the part of the *lunga pausa* or long-stop, there were not a few Lully-byes. The execution of the poem was not altogether faultless. The first clarinet made two short slips, after the last of which I remarked to a gifted critic who sat next to me, 'He was out, LEGGE, before.' PAYNE, the leader, made a few runs, mostly chromatic, off his chin-pad, and Wood was nearly caught at counterpoint during the first overture off the HANDEL of his own bâton. The recent performance by the pupils of the Royal College of Music (over which HUBERT PARRY, the celebrated football player and half-Bach, presides) was most enjoyable, and I hope his students will soon tackle STRAUSS'S other famous work, '*Also sprach Gaukrodger*.' Yours, Till Eulenspiegel do us part, L. B."

Nothing is more characteristic of the individuality of musicians than their method of spending their holidays. M. PADEREWSKI, who, as is well known, is passionately addicted to agriculture, spent Christmas Day on his estate in Podolia. The chief feature of the entertainment was M. PADEREWSKI'S striking impersonation of a Christmas-tree, his luxuriant *chevelure* being arranged to represent the branches, and crowded with fairy lights and presents for the tenants. KUBELIK, who on his marriage

became a Hungarian citizen, spent Christmas learning how to dance the Czardas—the national Magyar dance—to his wife's accompaniment on the *czimbalom*. Sir FREDERICK BRIDGE has just returned from the Cattedag, where he harpooned nine narwhals, and narrowly missed being capsizeed by a kraken.

Complaint is often made by composers of the difficulty of finding suitable words for musical setting. To such fastidious persons the recently published

'Where she met a swarthy Chilian (Who was worth at least a million), And eloped to Guayaquil.

And I wander, jaded, jilted, Like a primrose that has wilted On the slopes of Primrose Hill."

Mr. GEORGE MOORE, who was driven out of England by the cruel neglect of theatrical managers, has recently been subjected to a merciless persecution by Italian organ-grinders in Dublin. It is rumoured that the eminent novelist is determined to wreak vengeance on his tormentors by taking up his residence in Italy.

Little TIM PANUM, the three-year-old Bohemian *Wunderkind*, made his first appearance at Boscombe last Friday in the quadruple capacity of composer, conductor, cantillator and cake-walker. The concert was slightly delayed in order to allow the infantile genius to finish sucking the paint off a purple monkey. On reaching the platform the dear little fellow—he only measures thirteen inches round the waist—assumed the bâton with perfect sangfroid. A hush fell on the hall as the seventy gifted performers intoned the perfect opening bars of the tiny tot's Synthetic Super-Symphony in memory of NIETZSCHE. The applause was tremendous, Boscombe was rent to its very chine, but it was as nothing compared to that which greeted the infinitesimal *virtuoso* when he proceeded to recite in a rich treble the peroration of "Man's Place in the Universe" (by Dr. A. RUSSEL WALLACE), with *obligato* accompaniment for bombardon. Extricating himself from the embraces of frenzied autograph hunters, tiny TIM PANUM resolutely took the floor amid a scene of unparalleled confusion, and forced his lilliputian limbs



DON'T JUDGE TOO MUCH BY APPEARANCES.

LITTLE TIMMINGS ISN'T A SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER AT ALL; BUT THE ROADS ARE VERY MUDDY, AND HE STRONGLY OBJECTS TO HAVING HIS COLLAR SPLASHED.

volume of poems by Lady FLORENCE BILGER, *From a Turkish Bath*, should prove a perfect godsend. As a specimen of Lady FLORENCE'S rare lyrical gift we quote the haunting lines entitled "Sundered":—

"It was only last September
That we wandered hand in hand
By the ornamental water,
And gave ear unto the band.
'Twas a sweet morceau by DENZA,
But she caught the influenza—
For the autumn air was chill—
And the wise Sir THOMAS BARLOW
Sent her off to Monte Carlo,

into all the contortions of the most abandoned cake-walk. The performance of this three-year-old marvel will be repeated—teething permitted—next Tuesday. Already every available bed in Boscombe and the neighbourhood is secured, and thousands of enthusiastic amateurs are preparing to sleep on or under billiard tables on the night of the concert.

ERRATUM.—Mr. *Punch*, remembering that *de mortuis non est disputandum*, hesitates to mention that the poem "A Grave Scandal," attributed in last week's Index to Mr. G. K. MENZIES, was the work of Mr. CYRIL H. BRETHERTON.